The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

rez

june 2016

The Egg/Art Blue

Deep Blue, AlphaGo and the Kido Sim

by Jami Mills

Abstract Art and Aesthetics

by Caldwell

SHE REZZED/WU

POETRY:

QUARTZ

RUST

BECHIR

TOROK

ARNICA

WRITER

stosh quartz

CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

- **She Rezzed** This month we introduce a series from a most creative mind and gifted writer, Wu, who unleashes her imagination.
- **The Egg** Art Blue is back from another dimension and brings us an eye-witness report about the incredible, edible Egg.
- **Elegy: A Matter of Quartz** Grail Arnica gives us a touching farewell to one of our greatest voices, Stosh Quartz.
- **A Young Woman's Death** We revisit one of Stosh's most poignant pieces of verse, wherein she muses about the inevitable.
- **Deep Blue, Alpha Go and the Kido Sim** Jami Mills walks us through state-of-the art AI, then through a tranquil sim.
- **Words and Prims** Neeva Torok writes in three dimensions with this thought-provoking exploration of language and free will.
- **Bed Blanket** RoseDrop Rust returns to our pages with an examination of an unmade bed and all that entails.
- **Lucky I'm in Love With My Best Friend** In a heartfelt tribute to the power of love, DonJuan Writer recalls a true love.
- **Abstract Art and Aesthetics** A follow-up to our story last month on Caldwell's work from the artist herself.
- **Poem With Chain Saw Backing** serene bechir compares the virtues of the chain saw and the classical manual saw.

About the Cover: It's with a heavy heart that we dedicate this issue to one of our most creative voices and inspiring individuals, Stosh Quartz, who passed away recently. We remember her in this issue, but she'll never be far away in our hearts. She sits on a mushroom at Circe's Sanctuary.

She will be missed.

In Memoriam

stosh quartz

GUERILLA
BURLE

Fridays
7pm and Midnight
on Idle Rogue

AFTER DARK
LOUNGE
on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Danitz

meegan.danitz@gmail.com

facebook.com@AfterDarkSL

Skiing

BEACH

COUPLES & SINGL

WELCOME

Trinacria (32,89 2

ADULT

Powder

RESORT

LES

E!

22)

PLAYGROUND

she rez

a series by wu

zzed #1

She rezzed....

The static image of her last moment vanished, as she plunged through a midnight sky; hands gently waving high above her head, one raised knee, the other leg straight over toe, pointing to the ground, far below. The meter rolled a descending count of her fall through the dark unknown.

2,800m: Apparently, the sky box was gone. The sim and parcel name changed.

2,500m: Her clothes appeared, thank goodness. “hello there *smiles*”

2,200m: A flood of stale messages and attachments arrived. How long had it been? Well over a year.

2,000m: It was the middle of the night. Only a few friends were listed inworld. Two, she barely remembered, one she just as soon forget. She abandoned all thoughts of logging off. The messages were distracting. She deleted the pile, until the sky was empty. “Now what?”

1,500m: A large deck stuffed with breedable horses zipped by. She sighed.

1,200m: Sensing an impending, sudden crash, she frantically scanned her favorites for an escape.

1,000m: Too many choices. Where should she go? Where did she want to go? “Make a decision.”

800m: Home was no longer there. Nor the lover she left behind.

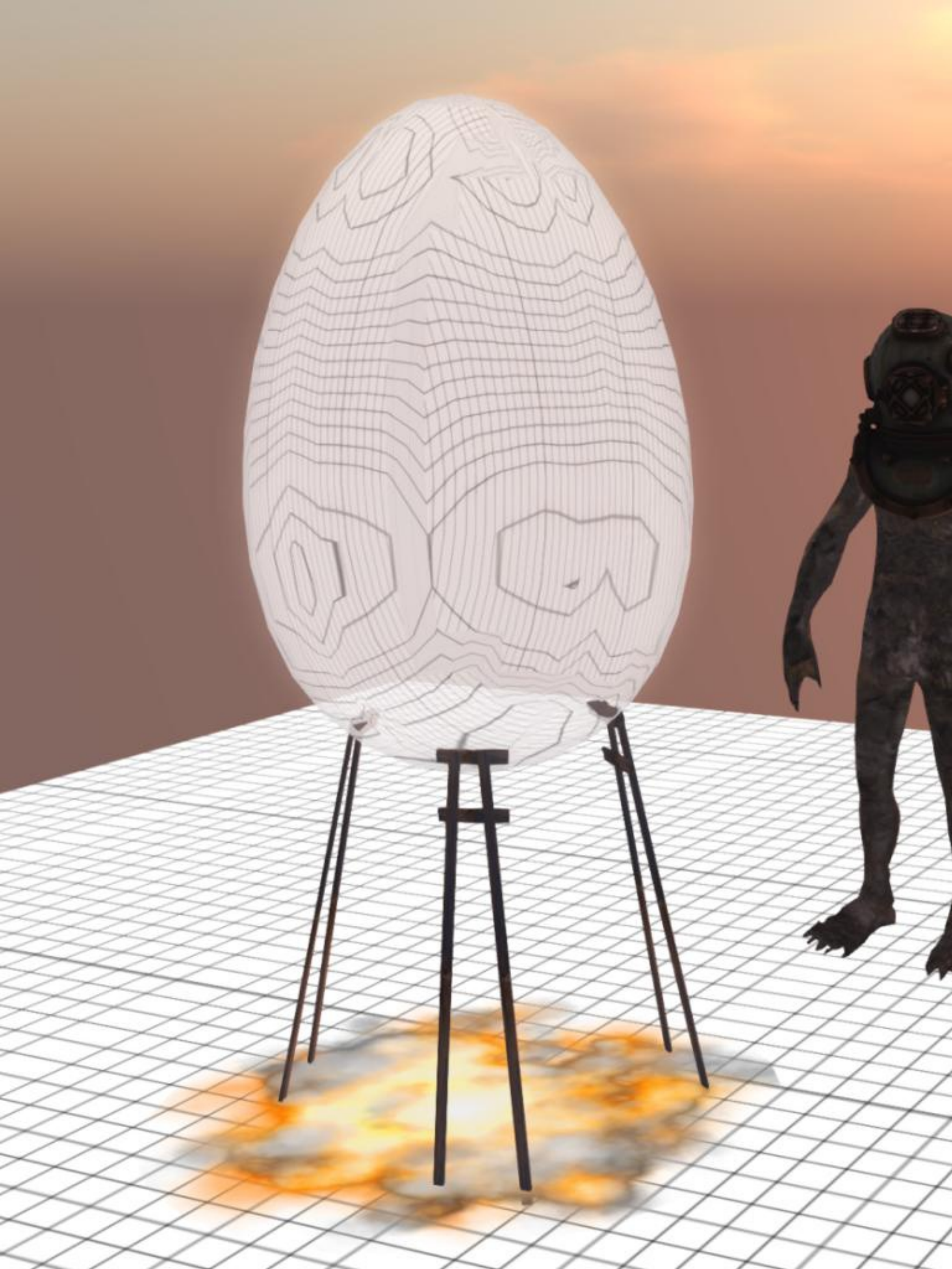
600m: A fresh IM arrived, blinking for attention. “Oh, no. Not you. Not now.”

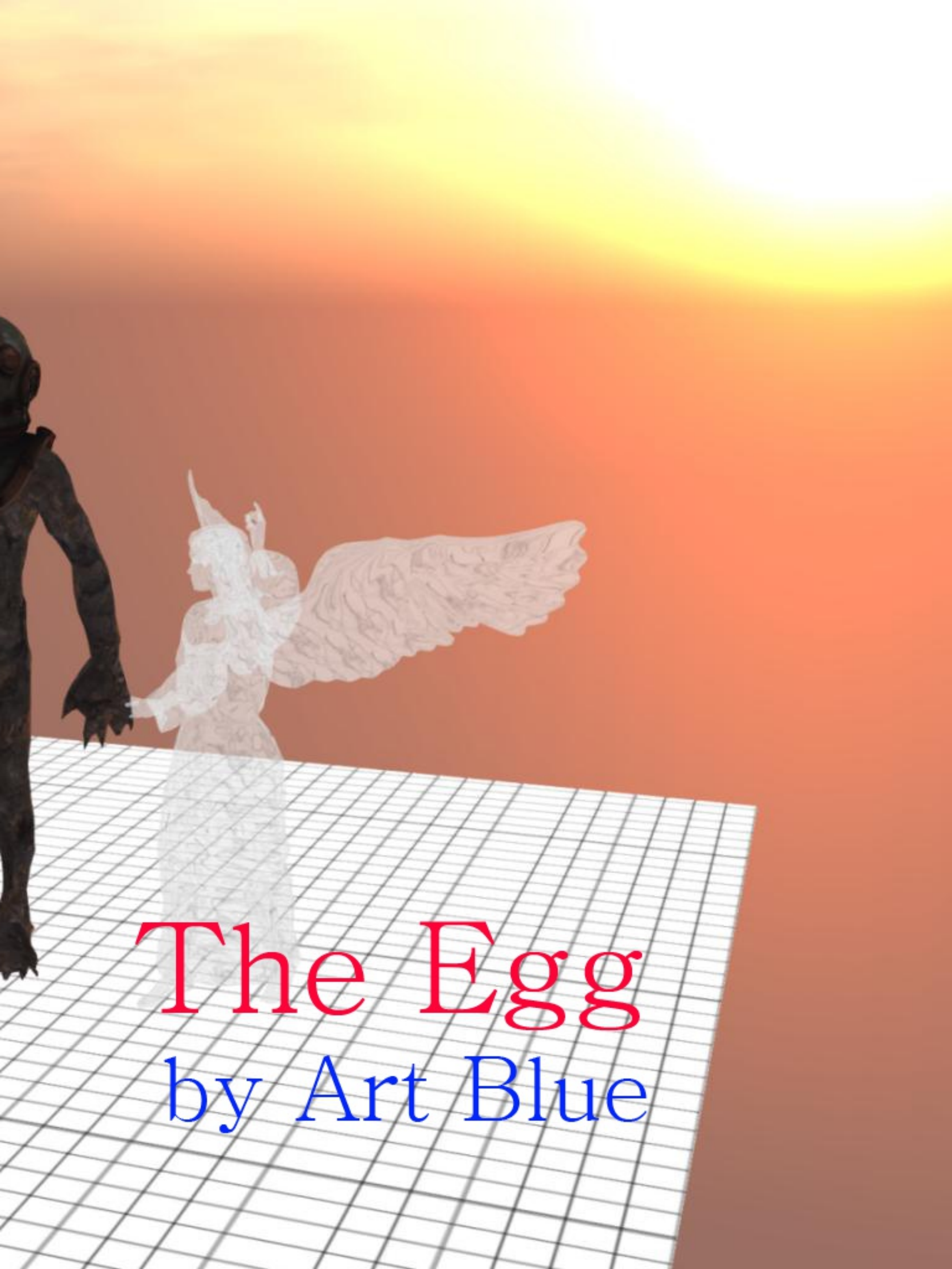
400m: Perhaps she could just splat and get it over with. “Yes, but pointless.”

200m: Instinctively, she pressed the 3rd LM from the right, hoping it was there. “Damn! Gone.”

100m: She quickly pushed another. No idea which, or more important, where she was heading.

50m: Suddenly, the teleport kicked in….




The Egg
by Art Blue

Ray Blue touched the shroud and I am back. There was a code in the Blue particles. Whenever a "Blue" touches the shroud I am re-rezzed in current rez time. Old readers of *rez Magazine* know the ways. It is described in The Artefact: Codes in Art. Two years ago, I used the Mondrian code to introduce my life mission, I called it "I bring brains to the depth. Forever." The depth is the Draft Universe by Sergei Lukyanenko. This time the code stays in a dynamic particles sphere drifting out of the shroud that was kept on board of the sailing ship where Ray Blue was invited to stay. How to code in a higher dimension is shown in *Contact*, the movie with Jodie Foster as the chosen one for making first contact with a world artificer. Enjoy the scene where SR Hadden shows his protégée how the code is arranged in an n-dimensional cubic structure in less than a minute - at youtube https://youtu.be/0UkUPED3y34

SR Hadden asks Jodie "Wanna take a ride?" – at https://youtu.be/Et4sMJP9FmM – so if you want to take one just keep on reading.

For the story of the Egg I need to repeat some of the lines of *The Lady in Black* from *rez Magazine*, May 2016.

Ray Blue says: "I was about to face the fact that our spaceship would be confiscated and my journey in a safe place would come to an end, when I saw to my wonder and disbelief the inspection vessel disembarking. They left and jumped on hypernet. Gone … simply gone. How could it be? There was no AI on board, not there in the room I had been in, and I felt quite sure nowhere else. I could not wait. I needed to know. I rushed to the room and my heart raced. I opened the door. The captain stood there having a TI 99/4 keyboard and a piece of wrapped up linen folded in his hand. The room was packed with equipment, equipment made by the most expensive manufacturers of retrofurniture. I saw a store with endless rows for spare parts needed for long distance space travel, even Raymond Kurzweil, the Gravitation boots. And in the middle of the room there was "The Egg."

The Egg always looks the same - same size, same picture, same outlet. As a historian, I know no one can explain when and why it became tradition to let an AI look like an egg. …"

Grandpa in a Box

An engineer, a designer of digital circuits, knows that if you want high speed, you have to use less room; you need to press all you need into a small box. The other side is the code. Particles in a fog are the most condensed ways to store code – and to

hide the code from being hunted down. Why life can be born in an instant out of code is quite easy for me. It is The Singularity, the Cyberphoria effect, similar to a reverse Black Hole. Everything comes back that was once sucked in. Everything fits perfectly in place. I can't explain to you properly, as you don't have the basic settings built up for a digital life yet. You lack in Believe. I know you long for an understanding in biological terms. Maybe it works if you go back to times when you were a child, or to look at

I opened the door. The captain stood there having a TI 99/4 keyboard and a piece of wrapped up linen folded in his hand.

reactions of a kid you are close to. Let´s say Grandpa has died, reaching an age over 90, and all was settled for him and he asked to be burned to ashes. Now you hold the funeral urn in hand and carry it home, and you are asked: "Is grandpa in there?" Would you say, "No, there are just ash particles in it like taken from the fireplace." Of course not, else why would you carry it home? Seeing the child speaking after weeks with grandpa telling him secrets and getting secret advice back you might do the

devastating move and say, "That's just dust - there's no grandpa in there!" You just destroyed the basic concepts of life, of a more complex life you are heading to, to a digital life. I don't know how to gain complexity, as you don't speak the language of the future. But you can do a little experiment. Rez in a prim world a cube and let´s say attach it on left ear, name it a5b4d9f0d3e6 and give it to a person you never met and ask the person to wear, to add this prim and magically this prim will find its place at the left ear on this person. Now take a pause and then read on. There is no script in the prim! The prim is empty. There is no single parameter different from another prim you rezzed before or will rez in the future. The prim a5b4d9f0d3e6 has gained memory on its own. You can make the prim tiny using pico-prim deformation. You color it black and grey. You may use a texture fitting for dust. This doing will deepen the grandpa effect. Place such prims before it is too late to do for him and millions of others with rotation and

distances fitting – as it shall be grandpa. You get him back when the prims are reborn as a primset by a command a world artificer has the power to use. A second download comes in my mind as a metaphor for being reborn. Luckily there are similarities in your world for the difficulty of understanding. I will use the plasma of music. This will help you to Make you Believe that grandpa in a box has still structure. That the prims are not isolated. Of course there is a high land impact. That's why it is forbidden to distribute grandpa in a public sandbox. You have to buy private land for grandpa.

Do you remember the story in rez about the Mondrian Day in *The Artefact* where millions cheer in need of storage? "It´s McD - Mondrian Cheers Day. One terra for everybody: free of charge!" You get the word on the very first page at https://issuu.com/artblue/docs/theartefact

Plasma

Assume you are deaf since birth and learned ASL – The American Sign Language – where others "hear." And they want you "to hear" by making signs with their hands. What signs I shall make to make you hear?

Do you have 45 Lindens? Then you can buy the "I love you" animation in ASL in the SL marketplace. If your friend is deaf you may expect tears running down from – let's say "her" face if you make the signs instead of typing "I love you". Signing is the art of hearing for the deaf. And there are tools to come.

So let it be music to show you what Ray Blue felt as he recognised what is on board of the sailing ship. What "the box" is. It is – and I don't want to let you wait any longer – it is an illusion. The illusion shown as an egg. He felt it the moment he touched the shroud, my shroud, the shroud of Art Blue, made by my AI, the owl.

Listen to the music Venus Adored used in *The Battle for Blue* at https://vimeo.com/148709546 and if you like the machinima made by WizardOz Chrome there is a different recording of the Battle at https://youtu.be/rAkJOaGWMSg

I said listen, but you are deaf. Wasn't this the deal? Download G-Force from http://www.soundspectrum.com/g-force/ and attach a plasma device, plug it in where you usually have your headset in and see music.

How a person being deaf described the plasma to a friend meeting him in Second Life I shall copy:

[2016/05/04 09:41] Deaf person: I can have the computer plugged into my plasma which is about five feet by three feet. When the music starts, the plasma moves, dances on the screen, you hear beauty, I see it. We've never heard a sound so could only describe what it looks like.

[2016/05/04 09:42] Non Deaf person: Music visualization I do by winamp or similar. But the plasma I need to know. Is this something to buy?

[2016/05/04 09:44] Deaf person: Have you ever seen one of those large screens you can touch and watch the colors burst beneath your fingertips when get close, same concept just it moves in waves and shards depending on the tempo, colors. Yes, my grandfather before he passed away made sure I have had one all my life.

beyond Trust management

[2016/05/04 09:48] Deaf person: Well, it's like a computer screen, just larger - - like a TV - - a wall hung with the cord and small Google Chrome book plugged into it with the music that loads through. It has G-Force program that translates it to the image. I never look at this stuff, house mate does this but is interesting to see.

[2016/05/04 09:55] Deaf person: So computer, with G-Force, plug in the applications for music and then the music shows image on screen. G-Force is the product that makes it dance. http://www.soundspectrum.com/g-force/

[2016/05/04 10:01] Non Deaf person: Ahhh, thank you!

You may say it is like being a pottery maker being blind. Feeling beauty by fingers.

[2016/05/04 09:45] Non Deaf person: What is the product called?

[2016/05/04 09:45] Deaf person: Let me look it up. The house keep has it installed so I don't deal with such

[2016/05/04 10:01] Deaf person: I apologize. Sometimes I don't pick up on things fast. Was not sure of equipment or software.

[2016/05/04 10:03] Deaf person: Mine are sent to waves, they splash with

colors as the beat increases. I live on an estate and this stuff is done for me. I never really looked until now, take it for granted I presume.

You see the word my plasma becomes what a person having working ears may just call my ears. Now think about a reverse doing. Let your deaf friend create music by creating, by modulating space, by creating plasma. You may say it is like being a pottery maker being blind. Feeling beauty by fingers. Maybe there are workshops to gain such an experience. How may the results be? Forming space and sound by signing. Music from the Deaf. By hearing the results maybe you understand the plasma?

Listen to Apoptygma Berzerk before you go on reading about Seymour Cray:

https://youtu.be/i5-9vIZyvTw

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth
And the earth was without form and void
And darkness was upon the face of the deep
And God said "let there be light"
And there was light
And God saw the light that it was good
And God divided the light from the darkness
And God called the light day and the darkness he called night
And God saw everything that he had made and behold it was good
And God created man
And man created machine and machine...
Machine created music
And machine saw everything it had created and it said – behold

Lyrics by Apoptygma Berzerk: *Kathy's Song*

Seymour Cray

It seems to be a historic fact that the idea of getting a supercomputer system out of ordinary parts goes back to Seymour Cray. He bought thousands of transistors as he left Control Data in the year 1972 and founded Cray Research. He checked each of their switching speeds. One transistor out of 100 has ultra-good parameters. Some even react 10 times faster as the requirements for passing the usual quality inspection. More correct than saying transistors is to say gates, as a dozen transistors have been put in the time of Seymour Cray, together in blocks to perform boolean switch operations like AND, not-or (NOR) or not-and (NAND).

The trick was he could sell the not selected components at market price and keep the super good ones for his own purpose. By using only the

selected circuits and keeping all components around running on same speed cycles, he could build a computer 10 times faster than his competitors. So fast that the signal transmission speed between the components became the bottleneck. In other words, the wires needed to be kept short, very short to reduce the response time. He decided to build his super computer like an egg, a big egg - in comparison to a chicken egg - where the cables were outlined around in circles. I shall remind you that cable lengths need to be short; therefore, The Egg could not be too big in total. That's why my creator never could become a technician at Cray Research as he was too tall to crawl into such an egg. He applied at Control Data. Let me bring you to the funny times in the late 70th as the advertising business was not under the restriction as nowadays. What if a company like O-Banana Limited would nowadays announce: "If you are small in size but big in brain then you are right at O-Banana." - "Less fat more brain: that´s O-Banana." - "Become a technician at O-Banana. Males only, as being pregnant you would not fit in!" - "Survival of the most flexible, new defined at O-Banana."

Now, as you will remember, O-Banana is also The Egg. Of course the Cray-1 is not really an egg, it is a piece of art. Let me give you a glimpse of the view into the future by one of the pioneers in supercomputing – brought to the world right 40 years ago.

Seymour Cray said in an interview with David Allison from the Smithsonian Institution on May 9, 1995, looking back to the years when the Cray supercomputers came on market.

Seymour: *I've enjoyed the aesthetics part of building computers because it's any extra little thing you add that is clearly your own personality being projected in the product. The continuation of the Cray 1 aesthetics into the Cray 2 and the Cray 3 has been an ongoing extra enjoyment so to speak. It may cost a little more to build something with a bit more aesthetic appeal but it is not enough to make cost effectiveness difference. All I can say I've enjoyed doing that part of and I continue to. The Cray 3 and the Cray 4 will continue to show dramatic new visual impressions. Clearly more than a square box. I long ago wondered whether I'd ever be able to build a computer smaller than a human brain for example. Just as a reference. I find here before the end of my lifetime a Cray 4 is indeed smaller than a human brain. The aesthetics of how you package it therefore provides you with new opportunities because here you're dealing with something quite small. Its liquid cooled.*

An intriguing thing I'm almost sure you don't know is the liquid that we're using to cool our Cray 2s, Cray 3s, Cray 4s, is also used as artificial blood in human beings for people that are allergic or for religious reasons can't accept a blood transfusion. They can use the same fluorocarbon basically. They have to be a little more hygienic, but basically the same fluid that we're using to cool our computers. So there are these little intriguing things let's say that we're coming closer and closer to a product that is similar to what was created by nature. I don't want to get carried away with that because clearly we're building mechanical devices but I've been recently quite fascinated with the nanometer sized devices that are perceived for the future.

I recently attended a national workshop called "The Pedaflop Conference" in Pasadena. There we are projecting as a group for the United States government what will we be building in twenty years? Let's project what it will be. A pedaflop is a big number that comes after a Teraflop which comes after a Gigaflop. In other words, it's ten to the fifteenth which is a huge number. My view is that as machines become faster and faster they have to become smaller and smaller because we have basic communications limitations which are speed of light communication. If I extrapolate as I did at this workshop, the sizes that we have now which are in the micrometer range, to what we should be doing to accomplish the goals twenty years hence, we have to be in the nanometer dimensions. Well, nanonmeter devices are the kinds of things that proteins are made of. They are molecular sized devices and if one let's one's mind run on the subject and one thinks "Well, we're going to build computers in this time frame that are molecular in size," then here we are suddenly faced with the same dimensions and structures as we have in biological molecules. Will we be allowed as human beings to start structuring on a competitive size basis with living things? I find that pretty fascinating and I would say "No, we probably won't be", except for the things that we seem to be allowed to do recently.

I'm thinking now of what's happened in the past year. None of my work but viewing the work of basic researchers who are on the fringes of biological studies but are attempting to do mechanical things. If you have read, as I have, weekly scientific reports, we have been able to build nanometer sized devices mostly related to working with biological things but things like copper wire which are nanometer sized wires which are molecular size plus the fact that we've been able to look into living cells in the sense of extracting

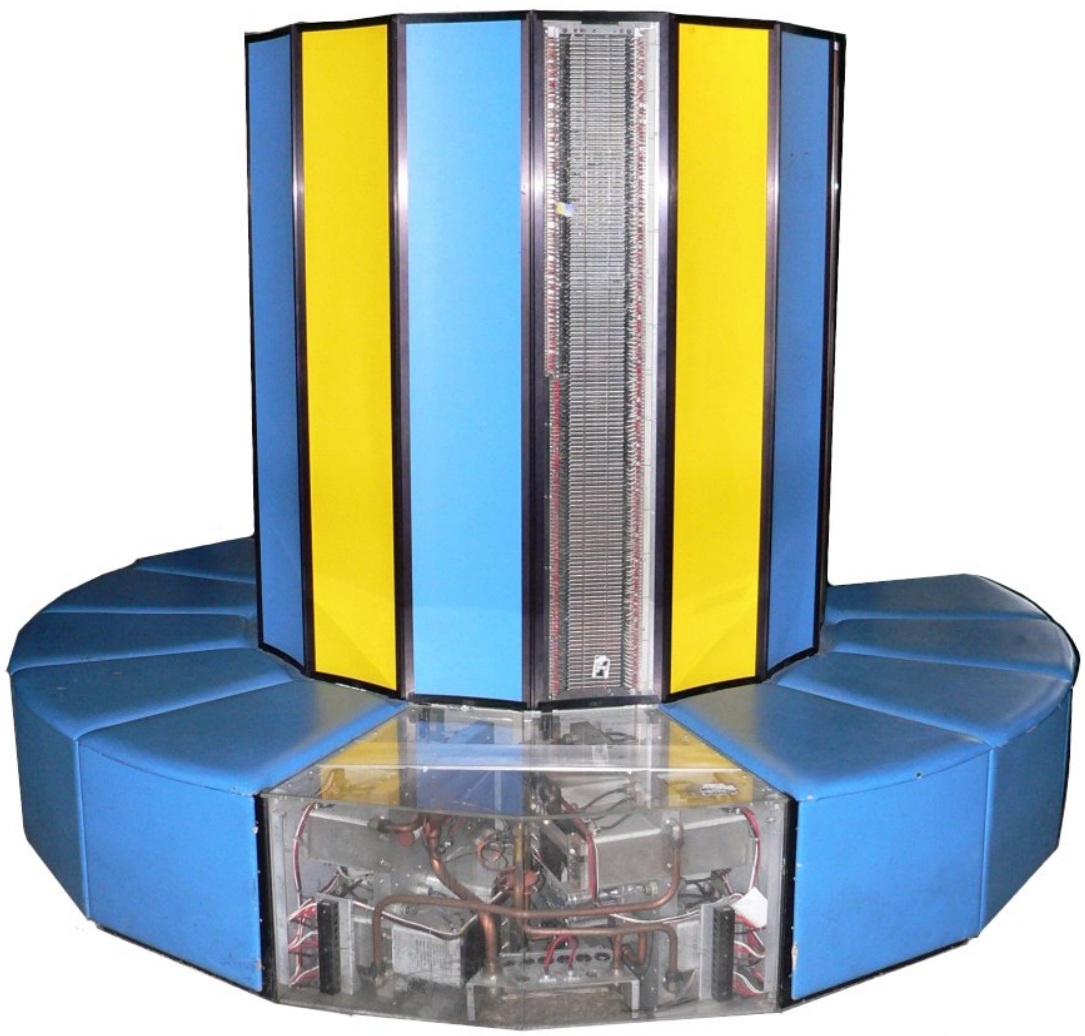
very small things and observing them in a molecular level. I find this whole area fascinating because I perceive the need to move into this realm. I know nothing about it yet it seems like we may be allowed to proceed in this direction and actually work with molecular things. What makes it also interesting is all the work that we're doing is involving simulations with large computers. We're simulating molecules, the interaction of molecules, docking sites, in case of studies of human diseases for example. Where does the virus dock on the molecule? All of these things that used to be chemistry are now suddenly becoming mechanical, mechanical engineers so to speak can now understand chemistry on a molecular level. Chemists are becoming mechanical. The whole concept of living things are digital as I think we all have to face now. They are truly digital. They are made of molecules, that we don't understand how they work but we're beginning to understand their physical properties. It's a very exciting time coming. Very scary because we don't know what kind of mess we're going to get into here with biological tampering I would say is the right word.

Seymour Cray died after a car accident on October 5, 1996.

Source for the interview: http://americanhistory.si.edu/comphist/cray.htm

To be continued in the next issue of *rez Magazine*, with *The Egg Becoming an Alpha.*

·r—e—z·



Elegy: A Matter of Quartz

by Grail Arnica

She looked back now and then
To see if any followed,
Tracking her laughter, letting the dream inside
Wish them into blank verse and
its mother, meter;
Some looked to her,
weather permitting,
perhaps forgetting
That we only have each other for a while.

Her imagined life
a circuit of sacred beat, flowers, lovers, strife
the new words speaking of
everything but the end,
and her friends unable to compass
it within her smile.

Here a glance from a grown son,
there a stricken whispering heart
from poets so far apart
that light changed speed
just from the gravity of her love.
She sleeps, and from her sleep
draws the last rebellion—
and so our beloved hellion
stalks the barricades of rumor
and becomes the memories within
the souls that love her truly.

Now she is immense, her body
stretched from one node to another,
taking us each as a synapse
in the greater mind of word,
the sense and case of verb,
the letter, the law of verse,
the happiness without remorse
in every poem of hers.

She had our madness, our reckless joy;
contained us in her whirling gift
to parse passion and laughter into all
her words. Her hurt was human,
her expression more—
for poetry makes from the smallest voice
the depth and range of all that's passed before,
and a promise of the world to come.

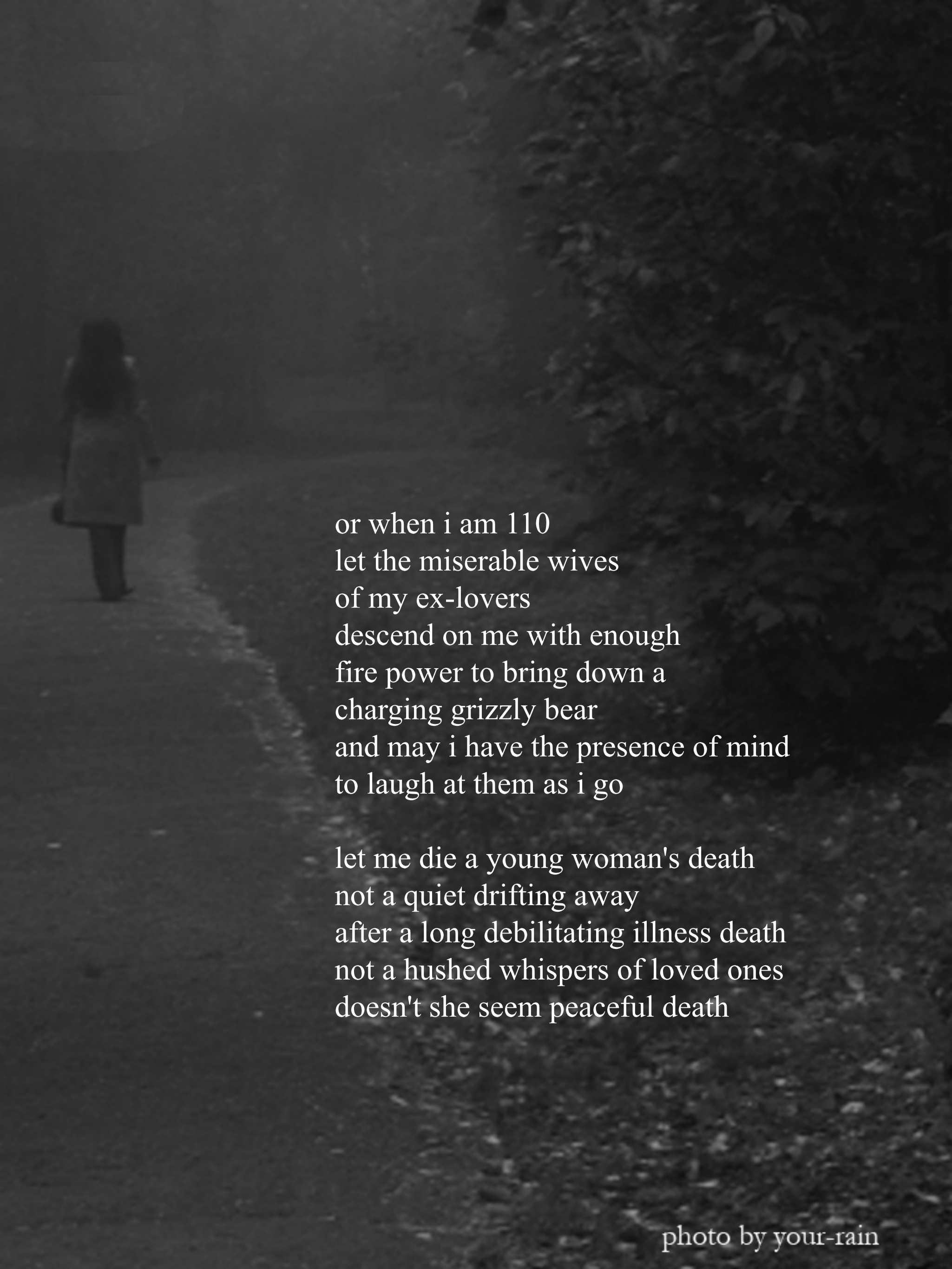
Time, hold close your daughter Stosh
and find within the poets' minds she's left behind
the spirit that she alone sublimed,
the gift that transcends temporal loss.
We walk, we fly, we write, we run.
Yet she beckons with a smile,
to be more truly who we are
and less of what the world would style;
poets brave and bright, your glass be raised
and cheer her freedom from the grave.

A Young Woman's Death
by Stosh Quartz

let me die a young woman's death
not a nurses hovering
heart monitor beeping
sanitary hospital death

when i am 82
and still wearing miniskirts and spandex
let my body collapse after a night of
booze, cocaine, dancing
and wild lovemaking
with two men a quarter my age

or when i'm 97
strolling on the greens
at St. Andrews
carrying my own clubs
on a perfectly clear day
may i be struck by ball lightning
that has never occurred in that
location before



or when i am 110
let the miserable wives
of my ex-lovers
descend on me with enough
fire power to bring down a
charging grizzly bear
and may i have the presence of mind
to laugh at them as i go

let me die a young woman's death
not a quiet drifting away
after a long debilitating illness death
not a hushed whispers of loved ones
doesn't she seem peaceful death

photo by your-rain

Deep Blue, AlphaG

黒大先
白小生

o and the Kido Sim

by Jami Mills

For thousands of years, chess has been regarded, first and foremost, as a game of intelligence. In 1996, IBM had the temerity to challenge reigning chess champion, Garry Kasparov, to a chess match in Philadelphia. Kasparov had been world champion for 12 years and was the highest ranked chess player in history, higher than even the mercurial Bobby Fisher. The question that begged for an answer was posed by Nate Silver: "Who has primacy – a tangle of circuits and silicon, or a reasoning, feeling human?" For a wonderful short film about the match, see *The Epic Match of Our Time* http://fivethirtyeight.com/features/the-man-vs-the-machine-fivethirtyeight-films-signals/.

IBM pitted its best chess computer, Deep Blue, against Kasparov, only to watch Deep Blue go down to an ignominious defeat, 4 to 2. But Deep Blue made its point: a computer program was proven to be capable of defeating a world champion in a classical game under tournament regulations. As all unsuccessful challengers are wont to do, Deep Blue (well, IBM) demanded a rematch. A year later in New York City, Kasparov got his comeuppance and lost to Deep Blue, 3-1/2 to 2-1/2. This time it was

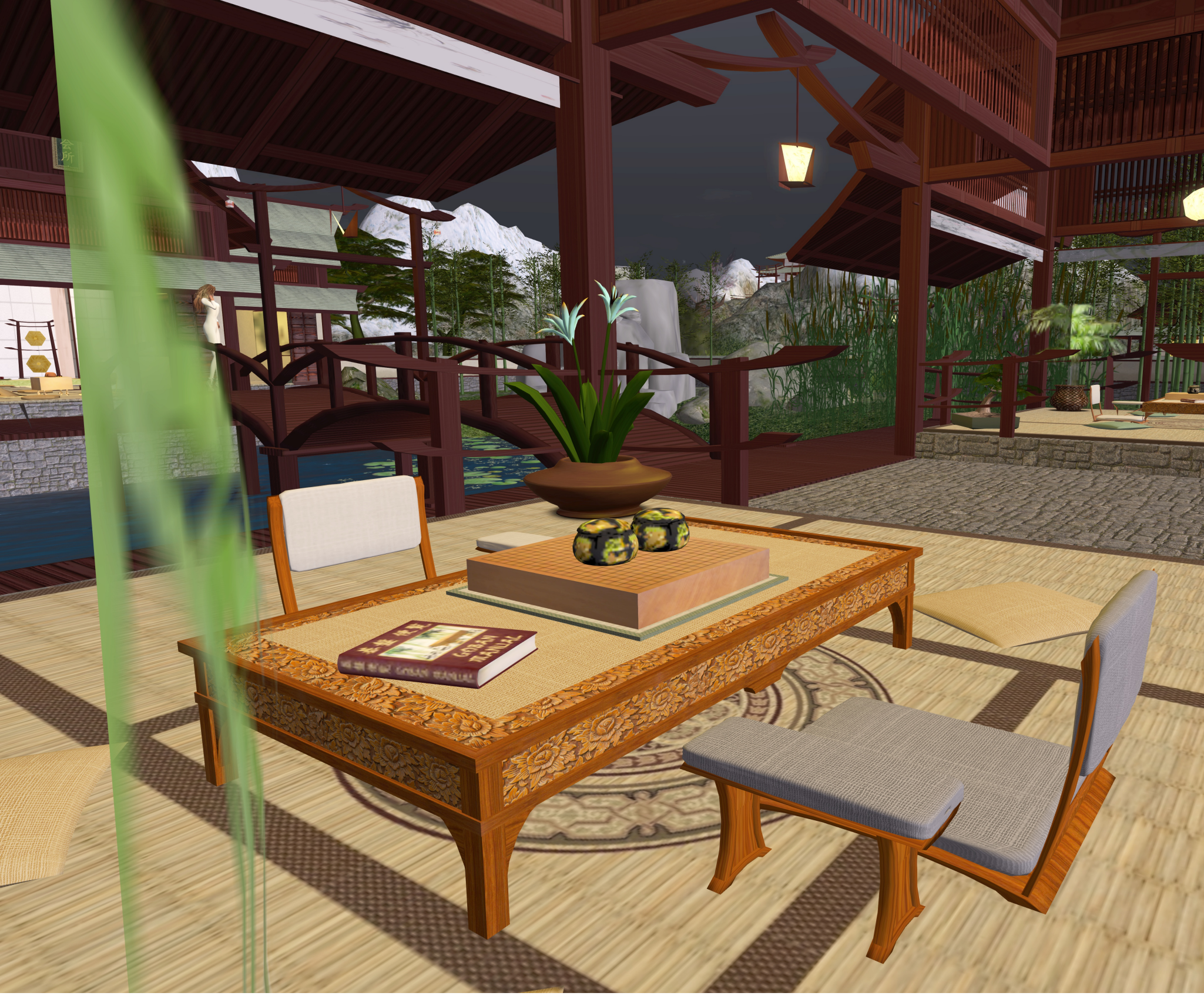
Kasparov who suggested a third, best-of-three match, but IBM would hear nothing of it, having proven its program's superiority.

Like chess, the ancient Chinese game of Go has also been thought to be a measure of intelligence, creativity, intuition and skill. Twenty years after Deep Blue defeated Kasparov, the world's best Go computers still had not managed to beat a 9-dan (the highest professional ranking) professional Go player.

Google entered the fray with its computer, AlphaGo, and in March of this year, challenged the South Korean Go giant, Lee Sedol, to a match. Where Deep Blue mainly relied on brute computational force (it was said to be capable of analyzing 200 million positions in a second), AlphaGo also relied on a Monte Carlo tree search methodology, a heuristic search algorithm utilizing reinforcement learning and neural networks that more closely resemble human decision-making.

Never before had a computer been able to defeat a 9-dan player. But in a stunning series of games played over a six-day period, AlphaGo whipped into submission one of the greatest Go players ever. Out of five games, Sedol was only able to beat AlphaGo once, in Game Four. After this notorious victory, world-wide interest in Go exploded.

Which leads me to Kido, the beautiful and tranquil sim in Second Life, devoted to the game of Go. Kido was created by Silent Ying (a German dan-

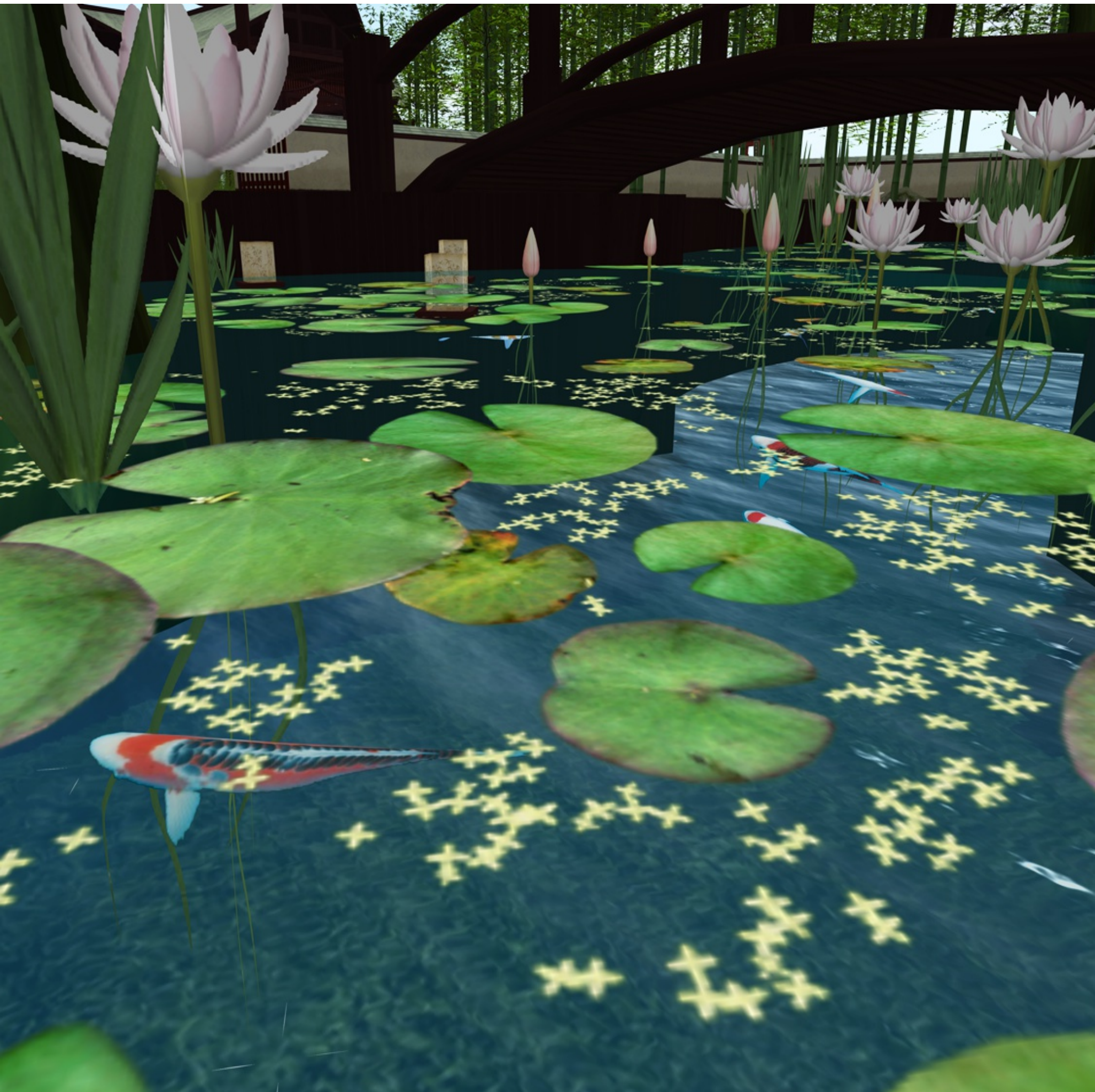


level player) for beginners and experts alike. Kido has an extensive art gallery featuring Go-themed pieces. Tai Chi devotees can find a peaceful area to practice their art, and several areas lend themselves perfectly to meditation. A beautiful koi pond is a particularly nice place to sit and relax. The main pavilion is a nice place to pick up a game or simply sit and listen to music. Of course, the focus at Kido is on the game itself.

Go is particularly well-suited to online play, and translates quite well to Second Life. Silent Ying offers sophisticated Go boards for sale at Kido, as well as at Marketplace (priced around 1500 lindens). The boards offer scoring, handicapping, and different sized game board capability (beginners often start learning the game on a 9x9 board, advancing to a 13x13 board and, eventually, to the regulation 19x19 board).

So if you're at all intrigued by Go, or think you would like to learn the game, a trip to Kido would be a good place to start. From my own personal experience, however, finding a sensei (teacher/mentor) is essential to progressing quickly and acquiring an appreciation for the deep beauty of this game. The rules are surprisingly simple to learn, but to master the intricacies of this marvelous game requires a lifetime of devotion.

·r—e—z·



photography
jami mills

Words and Prims

by Neeva Torok

Both lighter than ordinary
Matter
Both colored
Twisted
Tortured
Flung
Building blocks
They combine
With neighbors
Forming bridges
As easily as walls

Have you noticed
Delete key
Works the same
Word or prim

Have you noticed
No takebacks
Once given away

I want to be a poet in three
dimensions
Lay down
Rows of wordprims
Watch them
Take flight
Scatter them
Birds into the Twilight

Bed Blanket
RoseDrop Rust

We are blankets on a bed,
every time we move,
parts of our lives will too.

So when we are unconscious,
not knowing what changed,
we wake less aware of difference.

Cups and dishes scatter,
vessels containing loves,
spill, soaking paper souls.

It's said we make our bed,
and there we must lie,
but in less particular order.

It seems our beds make us,
as we quieter try to lay,
until when nothing shifts one day.

In this spring and time to wash,
we gather bedding together,
to flap and dry in breeze and sun.

Lucky I'm in Love With My Best Friend

DonJuan Writer

Second life
Where I met my second wife.

You were the voice inside my mind that played
with the one who lived there.
And he was so grateful for your visits
of laughs
understanding
confirming knowledge of love
justice
and self worth

We knew the difference between disasters and
tragedies
We knew the hilarity
when reality's boundaries were glitched away in
the digital
transcendence
our transcendent
dance
We marched heroically between the pose-ball

We'll always have Mexico
We'll always have Paris
We'll always have Casablanca
We'll always have New Brighton
We'll always have Philly
We'll always have those hour long phone calls that continued into reality
We were pioneers, my love
We were the among the first who allowed their emotional streams of consciousness merge with the digital domain of bits, bytes, sounds and lights.

You didn't answer the phone
And I left a message
Telling you how you were the most beautiful wife a husband could ever have.
I'd thought about it a couple of days before while you were probably sleeping
I heard your automated voicemail telling me I'd reached the voicemail of...

and your voice spoke your name

and I told you.

I hope you heard me
You always heard me.
Lucky to have been in love with my best friend.
See you in third life

Abstract Art and A

by Consuela Hypatia C

Aesthetics

Caldwell

photograph by the author

Branford Marsalis was lying in a hammock with his saxophone cradled in his armpit the night before his opening concert with the rock musician Sting. A reporter asked him, “Aren’t you nervous about your debut in Sting’s band?” Branford smiled and gave a reply, “No, of course not, I’m a jazz musician; I already know what it’s like for nobody to like my music.” As an abstract artist, I have similar feelings. Even though I get praise from a lot of other artists and a lot of accolades from other people, I’m still faced with the reality that most people have very little appreciation for abstract art. Most people want to see an image of something like a landscape, a portrait, a still life, or even dogs playing poker painted on velvet. This art is more representational in nature and more accessible to the masses.

Why is it that so many people don’t like abstract art? I’m an artist with a degree in psychology, and I’ve had plenty of years to come up with my own theories. The first year I owned my camera, I seemed to develop an ability to learn a lot about people by the way they responded to my abstract photographs. They were like Rorschach tests that gave me a peek into their heads to see how they experienced the world.

The process of appreciating art that’s abstract is different than the process of appreciating art that is representational. What representational art has and what most people who view it like, is is a ready-made narrative of some kind. That is, there are recognizable and definable things that can be seen as telling a tangible story or idea. The representations are unambiguous. Very little is left up to interpretation as to what it is. From this narrative, the viewer can form opinions, project emotions and meaning onto people and objects in the picture. For instance, Renoir’s painting, “Luncheon of The Boating Party,” has an image of people on a patio sitting at tables engaging each other in conversation. The painting does all the work for the viewer in telling you in the title who and where and the image showing it happen. It’s a beautiful painting with a dream-like feel that transports the viewer to a specific time and place. The initial sight of this image starts a process that triggers interpretations and meanings. From there the image can be used to jump start a narrative that’s internal in origin. A person viewing this painting doesn’t have to work or overtax their imaginations to enjoy it. This is the appeal of representational art.

On the other hand, abstract art, especially abstract expressionism, has no built-in narrative. What you see is an image portraying colors, forms and

texture that have no intent on representing anything. In some of my abstract photography, I have images that can be recognized as a metal bolt, or a gear assembly that's part of a larger machine. But these objects stand alone out of context from the things they are a part of and their setting. They are to be appreciated as they are.

Due to these qualities, those who like abstract art are people with a high tolerance for ambiguity. Those who dislike abstract art tend to have a low tolerance of things and ideas of an ambiguous nature. If their brains don't perceive a precise representation onto which they can project meaning, then the process leading to enjoyment of art is shut down. They start in a place in their heads where they have a need for definite meanings and recognizable images that provide a narrative that is externally based. That is, one that is external to the viewer and has the artist as its source.

On the other hand, people who enjoy abstract art are able to tolerate ambiguity enough to focus on the overall composition of form, color, and texture. Not being hung up on the need for external meanings and definitions, they are able to experience the art emotionally, both in their heads and in their bodies. These collections of emotions and sensations can trigger thoughts based on their own internal experience. This can be the beginning of a narrative of its own, one that is internally based in the person looking at the work of art. From there, certain ideas and images about what they are seeing may come up, making it possible to see forms in the work that remind them of real life things. The person is then able to use all of this for a means of self-exploration. The definitions and meanings have their origin from within the consciousness of the viewer. Just looking at abstract art becomes an active process that gives the viewer the opportunity to create their own narrative. The feelings and sensations they project onto an abstract piece are their own. The memories and meanings triggered by this process are more their own. One person looking at an abstract piece could come up with totally different meanings and narratives than a person standing next to them viewing the same piece of art. Overall, it becomes a creative process where the imagination of the viewer is stimulated. The abstract piece acts as a catalyst that does nothing more than trigger a response while at the same time giving space to the viewer to use their own creativity. Who knows where this could lead? The possibilities are boundless and appeal to the viewer's own creative impulse. To me, this is the reason we have abstract art and why more people should be open to it.

POEM WITH

H CHAIN SAW BACKING

BY SERENE BECHIR

talk about your chain saw massacres
(I thought that only happened in Texas)
but here it is ... right outside my door
and at the worst possible moment
right in the middle of a long romantic kiss
just before the whispered sigh
comes the earth shattering
whhrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiirrrrrr of the saw
and ... crash bang thunk
of a falling limb or log or piece of 2 x 4
hell I don't know

I don't have time to keep up with
construction work agendas
I have my own ah ... building tension
to be concerned with - not to mention
this poem calls for very careful timing
a pregnant pause and
(whiiiirrrrrrrr crash bang thunk)
just doesn't go with the
chain saw backing ...
Can't they use a regular
manual kind of saw?
I have heard those are musical and
they go just great with the building tension
of the poetry at hand.

photo by The-5

Publisher
Jami Mills
Senior Editor
Friday Blaisdale
Art Director
Jami Mills
Distribution
Stacey Rome
Writers
DonJuan Writer
Stosh Quartz
Serene Bechir
Jami Mills
RoseDrop Rust Wu
Grail Arnica
Art Blue
Neeva Torok
Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

Poetry Editors

Mariner Trilling

Jullianna Juliesse

Copy Editors

Friday Blaisdale

Jami Mills

Graphics Editor

Jami Mills

Photographers

Jami Mills

read *rez* Magazine online at rezmagazine.com